

DEAR KV, HOW ARE YOU? I AM FINE. LOVE, *Wanda*



Free Beer Press

September 10 "FALSE REALITY FOR THE BEER MENTALITY" 1983

AUG. 31, HANK'S HIDEAWAY

ALL THE COD YOU CAN EAT

It was either this or some new comic books. I'm glad I chose the show. The parking lot was really jammin durdy Four Cats Named Moe. Battle Creek may be a pit but they know what to do with beer. Thru the walls we heard rockabilly (via the Cramps) with horrible guitar and wierd, wandering drums. Like, future stars fer shure.

We made it in for Debauched and I'm not gonna say anymore rave death-rattles about thses guys. Suffice to say that M.Hard smokes the comp and the bassplayer blows purple smoke-rings around young naked nubile. Period.

Went back outside durdy the Latin Wogs and was thus spared the singer's CONSTANT spewing of cheap political platitudes. I mean, the band is hot, they write great music, and the guitar player looks cool enough to finger-fuck King Kong. But all this bitch-merchant does is constantly remind us that nuclear power is dangerous and patently bad for pea spores. Either that or its WAR, WAR, WAR. I mean, the cat obviously needs some pussy and we wish him all the best. Next.

The Big Boys hit last and hardest. The band was amazing, even though the singer got reamed (couldn't hear him). I mean, they looked cool, moved alot, and even the tub-boat singer danced like he remembered the Twist. Just like record the high points were the funk excursions (their 'hardcore' stinks) and accordingly the ones the crowd liked most. Hell, even I hit the floor! Sure, the lyrics are crap but you couldn't hear em, so what the hey? This band must be seen. Before they get fat and self-indul--what? Oh, too late.

Anyway, in the parking lot on the way out we were rolled by 2 girls from Fogg Arbor, wearing trendy anarchy fashions. Lisa & Blitz Fury said "Yer mag sucks". I starred em straight in the zipper & said, "So do I". They smacked me around some more.

What gives, gals? You may be right but others have opinions, too. I don't care for bandwagon doctrinaire. Or book burning, either.

They accused me of living in a false reality. That hurt... Now where was I?... I do have a thing for husky voiced women who talk tough. Pee on me, wench.

Trout Confessions
By Cherry Magdeline

Last month I was pissed at Johnny Ramone for stealing Joey's old lady (I'd give both my tits to be Joey's old lady) (sex partner, not mom). This month I'm pissed at Johnny for losing the cunt to some fuckhead in a band with the asshole name of Sub-Zero Construction, AND managing to get his head kicked in at the same time... the fuckin' arctin. At this writing Johnny Baby's in critical condition with a smashed brain cage, and his and Joey's ex is sayin' he was "over estimating" her affection. (I'd say she's real affected). Even though I'd like to slap him, I hope Johnny gets better. I hope the bitch dies.



The Big Boys. "How big is it?"

The Debauched. "Well it's Hard!"



THE COMICS CORRAL #1
THE ADVENTURES OF KOOL-AID MAN

Hey, like this is NO JOKE. Koool-Aid Man is hot!, what with K Man t-shirts, inflatables, a video game, and now his own Comic Book! Now, I've only got near a thousand c.b.'s but not owning this scallop is like standing up and singing 'Oklahoma' at a rape trial. I mean, this dude is constantly bursting thru walls (a concession stand, a funhouse, a space ship!) and shouting 'OH, YEAH!' A closet Beatie fan? Hey, ask his dentist. This cat not only has his own helicopter (the Cool Copter, natch), but a real live fortress of solitude, like every wealth-respecting super dude should. Quoth the man: 'I invented all this stuff to help me keep an eye on those pesky thirsties! Its my job to STOP THEM!' And hey, I believe him, but I can't help wondering ifs cuz they're so bad or cuz they've got longer tongues than he does. Oh well, if you want wonna these babys just write the company (I did), they're almost free. You'll get great art, kiddy-pool drama, and lots of action thats about as serious as a Portage gang-war. Oh yeah!

FREE BEER TOP 10

1. IMPI by "Impi"- Marching Insect Dance Music. Melts in yer mind. Highly recommended. On Aristo- Jive lable.
2. VIOLENT APATHY-"Society Rules" Master Tape Vol. 2- The sound is big & Kenney sounds tough & mean. Last time I saw them live I swear he looked like Jesus Christ with his new beard & locks. Watch the skys.
3. KILLER PUSSY- "Teenage Enema Nurses In Bondage". The title says it all. Fork music for tots & teens.
4. SIN 34- "Do You Feel Safe?" Safe? Not with this stuff on. MOM!
5. HUSKER DU- "Statues". Ageist horseshit saved by great vocals & an industrial strength bass line. Send this band a bomb.
6. SCANDLE- "Loves Got A Line On You". Its not new wave, heavy metal, or fast. An old radio track called "pop". Its about hooks lines & sinkers.
7. FRIDA- "I Know Theres Something Going On". She hangs with Abba. Beautifull expanding vocals. Great production by Phil Collins- who ever he is.
8. HUMAN LEAGUE- "Fascination". No, I didn't want you last summer, baby, but this is a real jam. Blarring horns that turn on & off like static on AM radio. Must be fake.
9. SWOLLEN MEMBERS- "Operation On My Dick". Why would I recommend something that is not commercially available to the public? Cause these thugs made me in exchange for an interview NEXT ish.

The Clash suck.

Hey, a hot month! A lotta good recs, a lotta good shows, and I didn't have to (for any reason) go to Ann Arbor! Received a letter from the Mydolls calling us pin-dicks, assholes, and (heaven forbid!) tourist. Does that mean no free panties? And straight from Ronald: the Oshemo McDonalds is now serving Egg McMuffins ALL DAY LONG. Its a-bout time! Now where's that liquor license? I also have to apologize to Deb Betz for saying she had big beautiful tits. I was lying.



SERIOUSLY
SPEAKING
-Dr. D

JULIE WANTS
DINNER!

SIN 34: Do You Feel Safe?—Excuse me, but, 'NEW WAVE SLUT! FUCK EM IN THE BUTT!' That's the sins, its classic stupid, and I! AM! EXCITED! I mean, finally a good trashy PAST hardcore band I can listen to without asking 'Now is this Minor State or Negative Apathy?' Blazing along at 1000 mph, atonal/amelodic, pissed and burning. I like the way the guitarist beats up the music as the drummer and bassplayer (with slaughterhouse precision) nail the coffin down, hard. (I'm swilling beer) Course it helps that they've got a female lead singer. Not only is she excellent (Johnny Rotten meets Little Eva) but she's a flaming FOX. (more beer) I mean, and I could be wrong about this, but as far as I know she is the first hardcore chick on a major record release. At least the first on MY block. Of course it doesn't make any difference that she's gorgeous or even that she's a girl at all, naturally, but when yer a hetero dude with a cock that still works, it helps. Sure, most of the lyrics are the usual 'alienated' and 'angry' doo-doo smears but alot of its either tongue-in-cheek ('After You') or just plain fun ('Say We Suck'. I mean, like I can relate). So buy it. This is great noise and someday Julie is gonna make Joan Jett look like Sunk Ship. I personally can't wait to hear her duet with Klop (of the Worms). Maybe a punky version of that ode to love and heat, 'Stand By Your Fan.' A dumb joke? Sure, BUT I'M HAVIN A GOOD TIME. (more beer) Julia, sea-shell eyes...

BIG BOYS— Sorry, but I can't get much of a lather for this shit. I mean, Pigboy AND the Mydolls give these guys the high sign so I could just be fulla shit. I mean, its like 'Mommy, mommy, look at ME!' what with a dasha rock, a dasha punk, and a thimble full of lame, lame funk. I mean, I got nothin against freedom of movement and/or expression but hey, I remember bein able to buy a record and havin some idea what the fudge it sounded like. But nooo, now we're all open-minded, breaking

down barriers, now we're all free, free, FREE. (God how I hate that word) Now its all a fucking popporri of cheap synthetic styles. I mean, why excell at one or two things when you can do a half-baked, pab-lumated version of everything? Hey, makes sense to me! Just like Billy Joel.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY: JUNKYARD—Don't let the cool 'Big Daddy' Roth cover (remember the Weird-0s?) fool you. This platter is a dark jag-journey into crystalline madness. A sideways walk down a black-glass staircase leading to...? Beats me, the lyrics are so cunningly artsy-fartsy that the only solid feeling that comes thru is the blatant misogyny ('6" Gold Blade', 'Kewpie Doll'). Other than that ya got lots & lots of rock POETRY and if latter-day Patti Smith didn't make you puke then this probably won't either. Bring your own candles.

KILLER PUSSY: TEENAGE ENEMA NURSES IN BONDAGE—EP—Now being a big fan of cats I just had to have this sucker. And hey, its a fucking keeper! (calling Tesco) This hot little waffel is so choked full of STUPID FUN SEX and goofy vocalities that it makes my lips shrink. Check these stats: 'Toma-hawks! naturally they're used to 'fuck you in the butt.' Hey, what else? 'Dial-A-Teen,' 'take your dial-a-teen to bed/fiddlin, didlin, givin head/all tied up in bondage gear/gettin stoned and drinkin beer!' Did someone say beer? 'Pump-A-Rama,' 'Do it again, do it again/ram me with the dumbbell/pump me till I'm thin.' Good advice! 'Teenage Enema Nurses In Bondage,' the coop-day-grah! This booty-bender thweeks and bobs like the B-52's on a squishy Romper Room dance-floor. Lemme hear you say 'beep!' Singer Lucy La Mode bangs out this sad tale of woe and anal pockerage with true animalism and, er, pluck. (cool hair, too!) And the band beats wildly around a rather lightweight but very cool bush. I mean, Yee Hah! Need wild jams for sitting in the bathtub throwing darts at your genitals? Need some dinner music for when your eatting live crab? Something to suicide by? Hey, then its KILLER PUSSY! Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the singles section.

HUSKER DU: LAND SPEED RECORD—Sorry but no review this time. I had it but I sold it for money to go see Tammy Wynette. Oh well, thanks alot, guys. She was great.



NO DEPOSIT, NO RETURN (PLEASE!)
A look at the new Strohs can

Okay, straight shootin now, I DON'T LIKE IT. I mean, why this fucking WHITE? Looks like wanna them seasonal cans they only put out dury the winter. Shit, in the summer they probly got a green background and a can that smells like cypress leaves and bumble-bee gas. I mean, it looks really LOW RENT. No more black and golden art-spasms to grasp, no more charcoal stones behind the name to remind you of the night (on acid) you spent with Dracula, Black Sabbath, and too many (of Alices) black jujus. But don't get me wrong; I'll still drink it and still love it. Just don't ask me to pose with it.

FREE BEER STAFF PROFILE

First off, this piece is being written completely under duress. Last ish in our FREE BEER BOYS & GIRLS article we gave the impression that this whole mag was slapped together by me (Doc D) and Pigboy ONLY. Well, naturally the rest of the gang felt slighted. (Silly pups) That's why I'm tied to this chair, a crowbar hovering above my head, setting the record straight. And hey, thats great! I say let somebody else get the vile threats, obscene phone-calls, and egg shellings. Me, I'm gon-milk the cows. Heeerrr, Bessie!

Nina Manino Fido—Animal lover, social conscience, and resident bleeding heart, this chick has a college degree, 9 cats and can really put away the wine. Once married, she left him for a Dalmatian. Current interest: bulb burials, S&M with automobiles, and puking in bowls. Send Spumonti. Edna—Inventor, writer, and artist of the vaguely famous 'Dibs Doings.' He begged off last issue (ran outta reds) and the complaints are still pouring in. Anyway, he's back SO STOP WRITING AND CALLING US ASSHOLES! Sheesh, already. Current interest: none.

Dick Action—Formerly L.R. Ramone, sex-change victim, he/she is now residing in Boulder, CO and is now our foreign correspondent. Clocking in at 6 foot 4, this 'slim goody' is sickly sexy and could intimidate a Sherman tank. Current interest: solo slam-dancing, plugging up holes, and 'pers-icuting those less fortunate than myself.' Black leather dildos optional.

S. (where's my cigs?) Aukerman—Taxi girl, delivery person, and driver of the getaway car. This little cutey (Minnie to Doc D's Mickey) does the dirtiest job of all: delivering this rag mag to the stores. Anyday now we expect her to be kidnapped and held for ransom. Which is okay I guess if they want beer. Current interest: driving too fast, peach flavoured soft drinks, and combating nicotine hang-overs. Pass the Bic.

FLASHDANCE: A Movie
revelined by James (The Peeper) Jordan.

I'm watching tv with the sound off listening to Lesley Gore on the stereo. A new video fills the screen & its a closeup of this pulsating cum-job in leotards. This is high quality go-go dancing. Turns out shes skanking to Mike SARBELLO's "Shes A Maniac"—worthless toy poo poo that features synth effects that sound like space farts. The lady must have been on injectal damerol to dance like that to this pop.

Then I find out she stars in Flashdance. I get on my scooter & go to the theatre.

How "What A Feeling" ever got on the charts let alone became a #1 hit is beyond me. This song has no BEAT, it has no GROOVE. Its just a bunch of white folks being stupid. Why do white people make "dance" movies? (Remember "Saturday Night Fever"? That was more than just a high temperature, that was a social problem). Really people, its simple enough to know that the hot dance songs are mainly coming from black machines. I'm not even talking about Insect/disco music, which is a separate animal & is valid in its own right & hey I like it (Dance Society Kicks good ass) but I'll have to scribble bout that at another time cause right now I'm talking about Flashdance.

While ignoring every cool song that ever came along, this movie has a soundtrack that would not move a maloxed turd. But the girl can dance to all this stuff with beauty & soul. One sequence has these guys dancing on their heads. Don't know how they do that.

It was a good movie. The actors were happy & it was an upbeat mood. I just didn't like the goofy music. Even that was good for culture shock. It was a little hard to understand some of the dialog though. Those people syre do talk funny. Dialect, you know.

I must be jammin. I mean going, you know.



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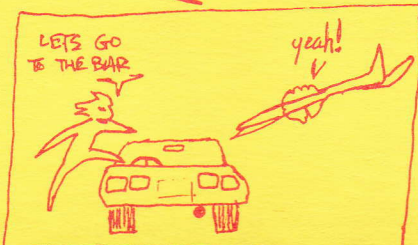
PERSONAL TO PRETTY FLOWERED POSTCARD: Since you refuse to sign your name to yer missives we now dub thee Shinell. It was either that or PFP which reminds us of PCP and how much we wish we had some. Oh well, hope you like it. We dug yer card the most but there are some burning questions: Was that pre-Midge Uru or post-John Foxx Ultravox? What brand of kitty litter do you prefer? Who's yer favrit HC band? Why do fools fall in love? And most importantly, how long have you been writing for midgets and how much for a pair of binocs? I mean, I read your letter last week and I'm still seein double. Sheesh. Anyway, if ya ever need anyone to buy for ya, let us know. And about that 'sweaty' crack, sorry. It was a mistake. It was suppose to be 'sweaty.' Bye now.

THE 2 ED'S



ITS FRIDAY & I JUST GOT PAID!

ME TOO!



LET'S GO TO THE BAR

yeah!



BAR

WASTE

Fuck Bobby Bare

This document serves as a warning to all the fools who jog and/or run on the north side of Whites Road between Oakland Drive and Bronson Blvd. I'm going to kill you. I'm going to aim my great big Oldsmobile at you and force you to fresh-kiss the pavement, unless you move your stupid asses across the street to the goddamned SIDEWALK! I mean it. Be warned.

sincerely, Disco Brake



WIDR

MONITORING THE AIR WAVES

"Is this it, Gumby?"
"Yeah, this is it, Blotto."
"I WANT OUT NOW!"
"No, listen to this Monk."
"Theonious?"
"Yeah."
"OUT! NOW!"

HAWK, What is this shit? Free Form. When does the main attraction start? This is so disjointed it doesn't make sense. What year is it?! WHERE AM I?!

"Maintain, fat man, Maintain."
I can't. I won't. First its Elvis (C!) Then reggae, Now Miles, Folk, Now P.I.L. Jazz harmonica, Hippie music from the 60's (remember Yes?) Christ, I feel another flashback coming on...

The only way I was able to sort through this sludge & deal with it once & for all was to have my sister lock me in my room & place speakers outside my door. She tunes in WIDR & I'm not to emerge without paper in hand. What a tedious glass chewing chore it is.

I roll on my back & stare at the cum stained ceiling, 10 years worth of erection ejections makes for a textured surface. Indeed, I leaf through my color photos of rhinos mating. Another space shot from the launching pad (bed). I think I'm in love.

But what about the radio, you may ask. Well its still crankin' & I'm gonna deal with that right now. First off, disc jockeys are obviously frustrated musicians. Would be rock stars they are at the bottom of the music ladder.

The d.j.'s at WIDR are all students to boot. For the most part students are jobless lay-about transients. They are distinguished from migrant workers by the books they carry &/or their general issue Sony Walkman headphones. So ya got student/d.j. hybrids here. These guys are dizzy. They talk to much, to slow & have nothing to say.

The music is coming in ya from every direction. Its a zoo of styles that confuses the hell outta me. Theres nothing to grab on to- no theme or mood.

& why do they have a penchant for playing flacid vinyl from the mid-70's? Its like their older brother listened to this stuff when they were toddlin around at home so now they re-hash it for us just when we'd finally forgotten them. I'm talking about Nils Lofgren, apercatic Who, Nazzy, ALL Todd Rundgren, Steely Dan, goofy Bowie, Brownsville Station. Please take that shit to hell will ya, guys?

I was in the bowels of WIDR on a recent mission & I spotted a large list of "Do Not Play" songs. No kidding, & among the black-listed hits was "Mickey" by Tony Basil. I love that song & I know that in her heart she loves me, too. I kicked a hole in the wall & left.

One hip jock up there told me that they make him mix more jazz in on his show. Alternative fascism, everyone?

All is not lost however. They do play this one cool song called "2 Trees In Love". Its real sweet folk music sung by a duo & ends with the revving of a chain saw.

Cool shows to listen to are:

JAY-Thurs, nite 11-2.

CATHY-Tues, 9-12 a.m. & Wed, 12-3 p.m.

RUMMEL-Wed, 11-2 p.m.

ELI RACKMANOFF-Sun, nite 11-2.

Compare this pea soup casserole to the Uof M's student station, WCBN. Sure they got "Free Form" spots. But the meat of their action is condensed into programs. These programs are printed in a program guide which is distributed free so you can listen to what you want. They got shows on rinky-dink, rockabilly, psychedelia, hardcore, gospel, folk, soul, dixie land, baroque, African rythems. They got talk shows on nutrition, on being a scholar, & my fave- "Gayley Speaking". Sound good? Move to Tree Town, chump.

We could go on with this but I don't know why I'd want to. Listening to WIDR is like being gang-banged by a bunch of unshaven bikers. Wish all you'd like about that, Sharon Jacobs.

A LOUNGE LIZARD VIEWS THE BAR SCENE by Pig Boy

Yer hair is freshly greased up & out & ya got the birth control in the girl friend & yer lookin fer sumpin to do. Well don't look here- read on. CLUB SODA. I still prefer to call it Bowser's. The face lift can't hide the facts. I get the impression that this rich hippie Wayne Deering went to Ann Arbor ("Dope Capital Of The Mid-West") liked what he saw (plush carpeting & wood au natural), imported it for us heathens & proclaimed it hip. I know this is the hot spot for intellectuals & Lite beer drinkers, but its also the essence of mediocre, boring entertainment. The last 4 times I've been there I've seen 4 different bands & they've all sounded the same. R&B, rockasilly, blues. Thats all yer gonna get here. Its not my culture, man. Who the heck wants to here blues when yer young & loose & living in this great corn field called America? You'd think they could at least give I night a week to rock or funk or pop. Don't hold yer breath (check yer zipper).

Club Soda, eh? Its more like Towne Club, & "diet", at that. THE ZOO. I know a long haired geek that won't enter this place cause he says that people will notice & think that he IS. Well, Fluffo, when ya blow dry yer curls people already KNOW. (Don't let yer trousers fall down). Besides having the best sound system in town, a hot d.j., & a great dance floor- they also got Old Style on tap. Large outside patio in back for fire-fly distractions & intimate degradation.

Supposedly the place for those attracted to creatures of the same species- but tell that to the cute girl Kevin & I met there who ended up floating around with us at the hot tubs. (Double dipping is great fun but not with a slut like Kev. More on this later). Anyway, bring you'r dancing sneakers & tumble with the masses.

BIG DADDY'S. Lines like "Hey Babe, can you cook breakfast?" & "Wanna play hide the weenie?" work well here. Hippie shit bands play all the covers that you never want to hear. What am I doing here?

HOBIES. Not much for live entertainment ('cept the excellent, tasty gigs with Segment). I like this bar on account of the friendly help & Lowenboy dark on tap. Clean restrooms. Easy walking distance to the Police station. THE REX. Easy crawling distance from Hobies. No Dancing. Check out the 55 drafts. Good food. (I like my burgers to taste like Alpo, you too?) OAKLEY'S. Holy Crustacean!! Surf & Turf. Excellent food- but I wanted that mignon to go... Wear clean underwear & use yer napkin. Take Mom & chase it.

KING'S INN. Or Club Zorb. They do treat ya like kings here & the beers cold. Excellent funk-soul-rock juke box. Either I've become more discriminating or the Go-Go dancers have gone downhill. Lotta cellulite & G-strings. Bring food stamps.

BLACK RAM. This be the place for dancing danc-seis. Go on amateur night. You will not be disappointed. Those students can sure twist. Gift foes to the farm.

WALDO'S. I go here to scam on the young Bambi-eyed coeds. Good oldies on the juke. Its hard to look cool when ya keep spilling beer on yer self. Christ my shoes are soaked...

THE STUDIO LOUNGE. In Portage on Westnedge. A leather bar for divorcees. CHI CHI'S' CARLOS MURPHY'S, MACDONIGGLE'S. These places were built overnight & have no character. Keep going.

WHISTLE STOP. This place deserves mention because at least they let local unknowns strut their stuff in the spacious Depot Room, which becomes Dazzle's, a disco, on Sunday nights. Check Sept. 9+10 & 16+17 on the calendar. Thats when the Big Guy, Bryce Roberson, will be returning from Detroit to move us with his roast beef stares. He plays jazzy guitar cool & shimmering with drums & organ accompaniment. A genuine guru. I call him "Dad". In other words, not much night life worth mentioning around here. Stay home & drink cheap wine & make prank phone calls. Or make a pizza. Or better yet- just get outta here.

MUSIC NOTES FROM THE (s)MALL CITY

...tis rumored that Tina T-Snake & Earl Brennan have made an awesome disco-dance tape. PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE send me a copy here so I can groove on it. I promise to return it. I am a true fan of your's & I'm losing sleep over this matter. Thanx... Also, while we're in that neighborhood- Earl has got to be one of the best smashing drawers in town. I saw him recently on channel 12 playing with the all-girl group The Chiffons. He was a galloping horse, then a battering ram, then Gene Kruppa. Impressive display of power. A good show... Dick Bowser call home... New group in town. Noise Puzzle. Electro re-vox self destructing guitar. Duck & Cover... WHAT KINDA MUNG ARE THEY GONNA TRY & SELL YA THIS TIME DEPT.: Scooty & Dah Worms go to recording studio with The Mystery Man in Sept.... big deal...

THIRD-OF-THE-MONTH: K.Y. the chickenshit whoooooe.

by Cherry M & Doc D



Now this was definately a bash to remember (at least the parts I remember). Out amoung the cows and corn of Oshtemo, 5 bands threw out enough fun noise to pack a trout truck. Take it away Cher!

Thanks, Doc. Scooter and the Worms debuted (is this a word?) as a trio and even though Ralph a.k.a. the Stud was missed the bass wasn't. No noticeable holes in the muzak, just hot, fast, fun fun fun!

Dig it, Cher. Next up were the new and improved Dick and the Balls. What'd you think?

I tell ya, Doc, they chomped down hard on my heart--I loved 'em! Boy can that fat guy yell.

Well, as a matter of fact that fat guy was Dick Bowser of V.A. Ya want genius? I'll give ya genius. He sang a song called 'Kenny Knot Sucks My Dick!' Course you folks in the know know that Kenny is V.A.s lead singer! Wow! And lead man, long tall Dick (thank god he's not a shrimp. Who wants a short Dick?) is so cool he makes me giggle into a frenzy. Love the way the viens in his forehead bulge when he gets passionate. Whats next, Cher?

You go, I'm chugging.

Oh, okay. Just save me some. Noise Puzzel is a duo specializing in sil-verfish silkscreens, mortuary dinettes, and fuzz paintings. One guitar (Buddah Worthmore), one harmonica (M. Coldbrick), and enough slash-stains to ruin anybody's laundry. I mean, theres no beat and you can't really dance to it, but hey, we're talkin pure SOUND here. This stuff is best for closing your eyes and exploring the planets (especially Galtos 7, the water world). This was their 1st gig ever and hopefully not their last. Look for them at a solarium near you. Love it! How bout you, Cher? Cher? Hey! Oh well, she must be renting more porno. Anyway. Next, a surprise! as Swollen Member guitarist, Bob Sub-Genius, hit the stage with Klop (Worm's singer) on drums and Scooter (Worm's drummer) on vocals. They performed the Member's 'hit' OPERATION ON MY DICK and sounded pretty fuckin weird. The drums were retarded, the guitar spastic and the singing, well, how does a crazed, saint bernard barking for his Tender Vittles grab you? Well, it sure grabbed me. By the throat. Oh Cher! Yer back. Wotta ya say, huh?

Boy can that fat guy yell.

What??

Boy can that-

Yeah right. Gimme that bottle!

Lastly, but not leastly, up came Mike Hard's new band, Debauched, and they were super cool. Unlike the Virelles, this stuff is SLOW. I mean, this shit streatches and sprawls and paints mind-pictures. Hey, I don't know if its a good recommendation anymore but this stuff sounds like good acid music, (and Nancy Reagan can suck my cock). Yeah! Wotta ya say Cher, kickin some ass?

A big smelly one.

Say wha-?

Debauched bit a big, smelly one.

But the guitar! The guitar was bla-

A big one.

Uh, er, okay. Can I have the bottle?

Uuuummmm, okay.



Special Thank to Todd Hendrix for sound effects- J. Crawford for permission- Dirty Ben's Memorial Circle for good fweep- Mark & the whole crew at O & T for a super job- & Barb for the type-witter.

TEA FOR 3

By Dr. D.

'One ice cold Strohs. Here ya go!'
'Er' I said looking up 'Thanks.'
'Would you like a glass, sir?'
'For what?'

I was sitting in a dark corner of the Le Metropol bar, the one in the Kalamazoo Center, the Zoo's half-ass stab at class. Well, whoever was doin the stabbing mustuv been blind. Its the ugliest piece-of-shit building in town.

But I was waiting for a client. Something that couldn't be handled over the phone apparently. Oh well, it was gonna cost 'em. I never go anywhere, except maybe the Rex Cafe, and only then on especially hot dates. The cook's a riot.

'Dr. D?'

I looked up. They were a couple. She was a knock-out. Long, thin, wearing a slinky skin-tight white dress that was cut low enough to limbo under a Toyota bumper. Her hair was long, wavy, and jet black, her lips a firey slash of red. Nice tits, too.

'Yeah' I said 'thats me.'

The guy, if you could call him that, was a real nerd. Buzz-cut head, bucked teeth, clothes that were old ten years ago. He grinned stupidly, blinked dead eyes, drooled. I liked him.

'Have a seat' I said.

So they did, smiling, staring at me like I was a hamburger and they were 2 starving fatsos. When the nurse (the waitress that is) came round they ordered 21 whiskey and waters. Doubles. Sliding seven towards me, they lifted their glasses grinning (her seductively, him just plain dumb) and said-

'Cheers!'

'Yeah' I sneered warily 'cheers.'

They downed em in one quick shot. No grimacing, no screwed up faces, like it coulda been Gator Aid. Oh well, I figured, and downed mine. Why not? They were buyin. After fighting down a puke-raid, I said-

'So whats the prob?'

'Oooh, slow down, big boy' she said and winked. She said it like she had big plans for me and they didn't include diasecting the new Talking Heads. But what about the nerd? Oh well, I had nothin better to do so...

So time passed and the night moved a-long slowly. The drinks on the other hand moved quicker'n shit. Soon as we finished our 21 they ordered 21 more. Doubles. So we drank. And talked. Mostly small talk: she was into the Kennedys, believed in the sincerity of Pere Ubu, couldn't gut Minor Threat. He (when he spoke at all) said he liked Bruce Springteen, Hall & Oats, and especially, Steveie Nicks. When I told him I wouldn't fuck that wimpy little slut with anything but a pitch-fork he just smiled, said

'Dig it!'

I chugged my seven.

'Oh, waitress!'

So anyway, I was enjoying the free buzz, feeling less anti-everything, trying to figure their angle. They weren't the IRS; too generous. Not the cops; too stupid. Wait. Hitmen from the Gazette! That had to be it! Jealous bas-

Huh?

It was a naked foot, her foot, crawling up my thigh. I shot a glance at the nerd but he was too busy smiling, watching Brother Sun & Sister Moon, the singing robots. They were murdering an already dead Styx song. I spun back to gorgeous, feeling all of a sudden, alot drunker. She winked, smiled nastily, licked her blood-red lips. Her left shoulder strap fell.

'Now what about those Necros?' she whispered hotly.

'Who??'

Her foot moved up higher, higher, till it was firmly planted over Elmo. Elmo is my cock. So sue me.

The Necros, silly.'

Then she leaned into me, her tits about

to yank my eyes out, and placed her hand on, er, whats his name. My jeans tightened. Something grew, and it wasn't my curiosity. I downed a whiskey.

'Relax' she said 'I just wanna ask you something.'

'You ARE the IRS!'

'Nooooooooooooooooooooo-' she whispered,

stretching it, her mouth in a frozen 'O.' Then her tongue snuck out, slowly, like a fat pink snake, and began circling her lips. I squeezed her hand. Civilizations crumbled. I tried to think of something studly to say.

'Whew!'

That was it.

Thats also when her tongue stuck out, curled up, and began flicking (her eyes closed), licking in slow motion. Hello, Jesus? Then came the bombshell. The question every self-respecting penis-weilder lives for.

'Would you like a blow-job?'

'What?!' I'm usually a cool guy, but hey...

'Right here?'

'Right here??' I looked around 'but what about the nerd?'

'Harvey? Oh, he won't mind. Watch.'

She reached up, tapped his shoulder, said-

'Harvey, hon, the good Dr. D. would like a blow-job. Is that alright?'

'Sure!'

And just like that, quick as a bunny, he was under the table and on me. Lightning on the zipper, my engorged salmon THWAPING out. Then-the mouth. HIS mouth.

'HEY-'

Too late. Throwing her arms around me she came down hard, throwing a mean (MEAN) whammy kiss. Soft hard and warm, a fat slow tongue wandering, searching for fruit. Not believing what was happening I immediately thought of table-cloths: colors, designs, what a brilliant idea they were. I prayed there was one on this table. I reached down. THERE WAS. Thanks god, ya stupid fuck.

'Mmrrrfm!'

No good. This bitch had a grip. My arms were pinned to my sides, her tongue half-way down my throat. I squirmed, kissed back--I WASN'T SURE! He held my legs vice-tight and I could feel his mouth going up and down and up and down and-

'Oooh, baby' she slobbered 'you can really kiss!'

'Thanks' I spat out 'ant-eatters are GO!'

-and up and down and, and IT WAS INCREDIBLE!! And I realized then why more chicks don't like giving head. I mean, what does a chick even KNOW about cocks? Huh?? But then that made me feel guilty, especially when I heard the 'glub glub' sounds.

'Gulp! Gulp!'

Noooooo! I screamed it, if only in my mind. She was still frenching me (like, a, bon jor) hard and rubbing her major mams against my chest. Then, for one fleeting moment, I wondered what any of this had to do with rocknroll.

'Oh! OH!'

It was me! I was getting closer! But it couldn't be! I'm a major score!

Doc D, the rocknroll doc-

'OH! OH GOD!! I'M GONNA-'

Rocknroll?

'ARRRRGGGGHHHHH!'

When I opened my eyes they were gone. I was eye level with my cigarettes and scattered half-empty glasses, sunk waaaay down in my chair. My arms hung limp, my tongue, out. People were staring, if only casually. I should've straightened up, collected myself. I should've gotten the fuck out. But instead I just lit a cig and checked Elmo. Well at least he had the decency to put me in and zip me up. And the pile of bills on the table didn't hurt either. But what now? I mean, what would god do? Oh, yeah, the usual.

'Oh waitress!'

Next issue news of my tragic divorce- Details of our lawsuit- Interview with Dave Woods from the Big House- Special report on Insect Dance Music- & Yes, dammit- the Swollen Members interview.